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TWO CANDLES

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

Two candles place I at her feet,
Two candles at her head;
These are the gifts that I would bring
To my Beloved Dead.

I sought the violet of her eyes,
Her eyes were closed in sleep;
My love was trembling like a child
And could not even weep.

I clad her in a purple shroud,
Some said it should be white;
I said, "The passion of her eyes
Found peace in candlelight!"

Sometimes I see her ash-gold hair
Shimmer within the night;
Sometimes I feel her violet eyes
Searching for candlelight.

Sometimes I hear her drifting feet
That seek from door to door,
Guided by star and blowing wind
Dream-shod for evermore.

When will she come again to me,
Led by the wind and star?
She need not even call my name,
I could not wander far.

Two candles place I at her feet,
Two candles at her head:
Remembrance and Oblivion
Enfold my lonely dead.

JEANNETTE MARKS.